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### COUNT STRAIGHT.

The Superintendent of the State Census in effect admits the charges made by The Evening World over a month ago, that the census of New York City was not being properly taken.

There is more involved in this than merely the number of hundreds of thousands by which New York surpasses Chicago, or which it will require to equal London. The object of the State census is to afford the data on which to make reapportionment of the Senate and the Assembly. Greater New York has increased in population more than the other parts of the State, and an honest and complete enumeration will doubtless show that half the population of the State resides in Greater New York. Such a result would entitle New York, Kings and Queens Counties to a substantial increase in the number of their members in the Legislature.

The present Senate consists of fifty members, of whom twenty are from Greater New York; one from Queens, seven from Brooklyn and twelve from Manhattan and the Bronx. Richmond is in the district with Suffolk County. Of the hundred and fifty Assemblymen Manhattan and the Bronx have thirty-five, Kings twenty-one, Queens two and Richmond one, a total of fifty-nine, or, including the Queens and Nassau district, sixty.

New York and Kings Counties are prohibited by the constitution from having more than one-half of the Senators, and all the smaller counties of the State are entitled to have one Assemblyman apiece, but notwithstanding this Greater New York and its suburbs, on an accurate count, will be entitled to half the Legislature.

The Federal census of 1890 is an unpleasant reminder of what happens to New York's enumerated population when a politically hostile supervisor has charge of the count.

### POISONED FLIES.

A proper pride in his profession caused the resignation of William Caldwell, head keeper of the New York Zoological Gardens. When a man has spent his life inducing wild animals to live in captivity it is no wonder that his feelings are hurt when his favorite blue fox, his Angora guinea pig, his brush-tail wallaby, his armadillo and his Australian opossum were poisoned by eating arsenic-soaked flies.

The Zoo veterinarian had begun a crusade on the flies, using poisoned fly paper soaked in water. It killed the flies, and also killed the animals who ate the flies. Filled with natural grief, to which was added not unjustified wrath, Mr. Caldwell resigned, and if in the future the animals in the Zoo are poisoned he will not be there to be grieved by the sight.

This sad happening provokes the thought that if fly-paper-poisoned flies will kill animals what is their effect upon food, and in the households where poison is used to diminish the nuisance of their presence? There are many other ways of killing flies besides poisoning them, and the lesson from the Zoo should be learned before the use of such poison in households results in human accidents.

### THE LINDSAYS.

The Lindsays have kissed and made up. This is one of the cases where the modern Solomons on the police court bench decided wisely.

The Lindsays had quarrelled and Mrs. Lindsay complained in court that her husband stayed away from home and did not give her enough money to run the house. He retorted that she spent too much time with her mother and would not get his meals, which he had to buy himself and pay for out of the household money. The Magistrate decided that the Lindsays must kiss each other once a day, that he must bring home a bunch of flowers to his wife once a week and take her and the baby to the park and Coney Island, and that the mother-in-law must stay away.

This wise decision has worked out well, and the Lindsays are living in happy harmony. More kisses and flowers and less mother-in-law are a good prescription for the ills of many households.

The Department of Agriculture has issued an official recipe for a whitewash that will not wash off. It contains salt and a little glue or sizing. There is a general demand in high financial and official circles for something of that sort that will stand hard use and wear well.

It has been questioned whether a man can smoke cigarettes with his ears. The average man cannot, but some men have the muscles of their ears well developed and susceptible to further training. Few men can even move their ears.

The son who had his mother arrested is a new specimen.

Moral obliquity is a euphemism for colossal grand larceny.

## Love and a Black Eye.



A YOUNG man arraigned in Yorkville Court yesterday on a charge of having blackened his beloved's eyes put in the novel defense that he did it to prove his love.

And, strangely enough, the young woman didn't accept the excuse.

Generally, you can beat a woman to the consistency of a jellyfish, you can subject her to every humiliation and outrage, and, if you are only bright enough to tell her you did it because you loved her, she will stand for it and come up smiling.

Even if you don't tell her she will probably infer that it was in a frenzy of jealous passion that you jolted her in the jaw. Why else should you beat her, anyhow?

The satisfaction of your athletic impulses can be much better obtained by a scrap with a small man, whose resistance, while not dangerous, is at least stimulating. Therefore, one cannot plead in beating a woman that one does it for the sake of art—even the fistic art—for there is opportunity for art possible.

Therefore, it must be love—passionate, exalted, frenzied—that guides the punitive fist of the jealous lover or the husband whose supper is not altogether to his liking.

At least such has been the conclusion of woman from the first domestic wrangle until our own days.

But now, alas! a change has come over the spirit of our dream. Reciprocity is the keynote of the modern love affair, and though we can give a blow for a blow, we cannot, save in exceptional instances, give blow for blow, and have therefore cut that feature entirely off the bill.

## A Short History of Dentistry.

IN the Harvard Dental School is a collection of some hundreds of old dental instruments, the fathers, grandfathers and great-grandfathers of the instruments with which we are all more or less familiar in the hands of modern dentists. The ancient tools are more suggestive of wood-carving than of dental operations, and a person un-informed on the subject would handle the old "keys," as they were called, and guess almost any purpose in the world for them rather than the real one of wrenching a tooth out of a human jaw.

One of the most ponderous of them was made by an American blacksmith, little more than fifty years ago, and used by him to extract teeth—a curious commentary of the then general condition of a science that is now so widespread.

Dentistry, in other words, was for

many centuries a little developed occupation; yet there is reason to believe that the number of rough and ready surgeon dentists was much greater than we now have any idea of. The famous Aesculapian, patron of physicians, is said to have been the first tooth puller in Roman history, and there are records also of the presence of dentists in Egypt more than 2,500 years ago. How they worked, however, is one of the interesting secrets that remains kept, although it is known that they had some method of filing teeth and even used gold for that purpose, says the Providence Journal.

Modern dentistry and modern dental instruments, however, date only from the 16th century. The instruments used in the 16th century resemble modern instruments only in that there are sev-

eral of them respectively adapted to different purposes, the first step toward the multiplicity of delicate and carefully sharpened instruments that we have on the modern dentist's operating table. There are only a chisel and mallet, two or three clumsy elevators and a cheerful instrument called the "pelican" for "lifting" a tooth; two or three kinds of forceps, not for extracting teeth, but for removing the roots of them; a small group of what would nowadays be called excavators for exploring a tooth in different directions, and a rough file to sharpen them. In some of these elevators one recognizes immediately the so-called "key," an instrument with which teeth were universally extracted one hundred years ago, which looked more like a corkscrew than a tooth extractor. In fact, the opera-

tors' power was applied in exactly that fashion and the tooth was twisted rather than pulled from the jaw of the suffering patient. And to avoid the bad error of extracting the wrong tooth there was yet another instrument with which tooth after tooth was prodded until the operator decided that he had struck the most sensitive one.

These operations, moreover, were not performed even in a resemblance to an ancestor of the modern dentist chair. In fact, it was not until 1722 that Perri Fouchard, the most celebrated dental operator of the time in Paris, began using the first dental chair in which he sometimes performed the curious and practically bygone operations of extracting a tooth, treating it for decay, and then putting it back again—an operation that, however expeditiously performed, could never have been invariably successful, although it is still done in emergencies.

### Old-Time Tooth-Pulling.

## The Army of Crime.



WHEN we get ourselves to take a census of the army of crime we must begin by making many distinctions. There are crimes that are considered as such only by the law, and which every moment are being struck off the list by the law itself, just as has been the case with necromancy, divination and stichomythia, which formerly were held to be crimes, but with which the present-day law is not concerned. The same thing is happening with duelling, blasphemy, lese majeste and many military offenses. The same feeling will soon be produced in favor of most men who are nowadays regarded as political or religious criminals—abnormal beings, it is true, but only because they push philanthropy to extremes, victims of the excessive altruism that drives them to impose upon a whole people a far too precipitate development of policy or religion, but which makes them sometimes successful. Just because they offend the feeling of repulsion at the new, which is natural to all of us, we punish them when they do not attain success, says Cesare Lombroso, in the Providence Journal.

Public opinion will change in regard to the criminal insane, who cause serious injury without knowing or wishing it, and who are often—far too often—misjudged by the bench. Each class of these demented people has its specific criminality. The idiot is compelled by fits of anger to kill or injure his neighbor, and he becomes an incendiary simply for the pleasure of contemplating the flames. The hypochondriac is driven by the repression of a great sorrow or by hallucination to have recourse to "indirect suicide;" he commits murder in order to be condemned to death. Epileptics and inebriates abandon themselves to crime like wild beasts in fury. They set with a cruelty and lack of delicacy to crime which dominates them, and of which they think to free themselves by means of violent deeds. Paralytics frequently steal everything they find within their reach; they imagine that everything they steal belongs to them; they have lost the conception of the property of others. The "persecuted" attack politicians, lawyers and magistrates. The madness of the adolescent is shown everywhere in a tendency to incendiarism.

### An Army of Mice.

THE town of Merriwa, in New South Wales, a plague of mice is disturbing the people. Recently ten thousand mice were killed in four nights in one store. Upward of 500 were captured under a cricket net being unrolled. Four or five bushels of oats in a bag were appropriated by the mice in a night. A local well ceased to yield water and on examination it was found to contain a solid mass, several feet deep, of dead mice. Food, water and bedding are over-run, contaminated and injured. The townspeople are fighting the terrible little visitors night and day, but at last accounts they had made little impression upon the swarms of vermin.

### The Longest Lawsuit.

SPAIN boasts probably the longest lawsuit in the world's history. It began in 1571 and is still sub judice. The case, which concerns a pension, is between the Marquis de Villahermosa and Count Torres de Cabrera, and the accumulated sum in dispute would have reached fabulous millions had not four centuries of attorneys, barristers and court officials taken considerable measures of appropriation to prevent the sum becoming unwieldy.

## Letters from the People.

### Are Landlords to Blame?

I read the article reflecting on the Tenement-House Department for ejecting families from a tenement-house that was not built according to the laws. The real sinners in many of these cases are the builder-owners and the real estate men. The department could do nothing to get out, and they might do so were it not for the owner and agents, who, one or the other, sometimes tells the tenants it is unnecessary to move. Then when the ejectment comes there is raised a cry of hardship. The Tenement-House Act is in favor—very much in favor—of the tenants, and the enforcement of that act is in favor of the tenants.

J. A. HAMILTON.

### The Humpty Jackson Gang.

To the Editor of The Evening World: I read that another member of the so-called Humpty Jackson gang was sent to the penitentiary. This must be a very big gang, as every few weeks we read an account of the last of the Humptys being sent away. But whenever anything happens on the east side it is too often laid at the door

of the Humpty Jackson gang. While there is no doubt that the gang were trouble-makers in the neighborhood, they are not so dangerous as they are made out to be. I have lived in the Fourteenth Assembly District for the last twenty-five years and never had any trouble with any of the so-called gangs.

P. M. S.

### Half a Dozen Coney Islands.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Coney Island is a great place for amusement. But why can't there be half a dozen Coney Islands scattered from Sea Gate to the Bronx? I mean why can't there be a number of amusement resorts run on an equally large and interesting scale? True, the sea is not present except down at the real island, but the sea is the least thing that we go to Coney for in the evening. If there were more such resorts scattered about the Greater City they would be just as popular and save uptowners a long and tedious ride. Who will start the first of these? Not a cheap, garish place but one like modern Coney?

WILLIAM BRIDGER.

### Flower Oracles.

WHEN you hold a daisy in your hand, and pulling its petals off recite, "He loves me, loves me not," you are not the only child who does just this thing. In many countries and many climes the children are consulting the same oracles. The Italians say something which translated means: "This year, another year, soon, never." If no daisy are to be had, a branch of a tree is taken, one having alternate leaves. These are detached one by one, but the charm is valueless unless the consulter turns his head as the mystic words are spoken.

The English girl says: "He loves for me, longs for me, wishes me well, does not care, &c.," which means the same thing as that uttered by her Italian and American cousins.

### Twine by the 1,000 Miles.

IT took fifty large freight cars to convey 1,000,000 pounds of twine to be used in binding up the wheat crops of Kansas. An idea of what this vast quantity of twine means may be gathered from the following data: The twine will bind over 600,000 acres of grain, and if in one continuous length would encircle the globe six times and enough left to connect New York City with Cleveland, O.

## Monkeys Keep on Proving Their Claims to Kinship with De-Simianized Man.



Some of the Feats of "Gen. Consul."

This new human monkey is "Gen. Consul," now performing in a Berlin Theatre. He surpasses "Consul" and is said to be the most perfectly trained monkey living. His imitation of man is not confined to his public performances, for it is stated that he dresses himself in the morning, and takes his breakfast in more or less human fashion, pretending to read the paper during the meal.

### The Famous "Coco" as a Nurse.



Drawn from photograph of Mrs. A. Marcell, Javay daughter and Coco, sent to The Evening World.

By the Editor of The Evening World: AFTER the nice reception that Coco enjoyed in your office I supposed it might interest you to learn while we were in mid-ocean Coco was surprised by a little stepposter. The little girl was born on board the steamship Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse in latitude 46 degrees 50 minutes north, longitude 28 degrees 56 minutes west. Coco is not a bit jealous of his new rival for our affections. On the contrary, he is awfully fond of his little step-sister and handles her so carefully and tenderly that honestly I feel quite ashamed of my own clumsiness. In this matter of jealousy you may learn much from Coco. Coco has gotten rid of his little rheumatism he will go back to America.

A. MARCELL, Bremenhaven, July 11.

## The Second Avenue Rubies

## A New York Mystery

## By Ernest De Lancey Pierson

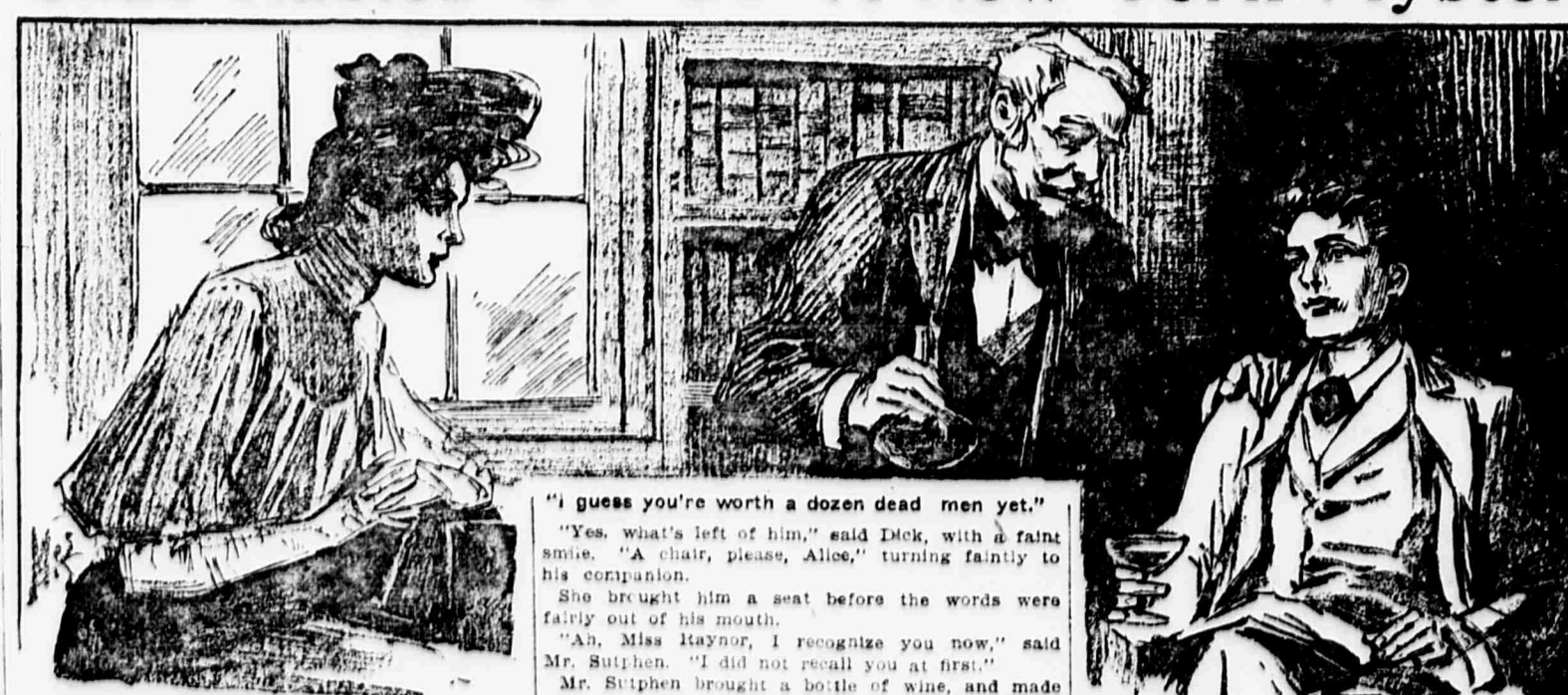
### SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Gilbert Chestwood and his partner, Jiggs, steal a sacred Chinese ruby necklace belonging to the former's half-sister, Mrs. Reynolds. A Chinese secret society is also seeking the necklace. The thief is accompanied while Richard Fenton, a jeweller's assistant, is carrying the jewels back from the Reynolds house to the jeweller's safe. A dance, in which Alice Raynor, Jiggs' daughter, is the star, takes place at the house. Chestwood emerges and the Chinaman snatches the necklace from him. Chestwood and Jiggs give chase, the former overtaking and grasping with the Chinaman of a pier, both are hurled into the river and drowned. Jiggs secures the necklace but is at once arrested. Alice meantime steals Dr. Rowley's keys from his sleeping aunt and sets out to rescue Dick Fenton.

### CHAPTER XI.

#### Face to Face!

THE driver made no reply. He was peering through the mist at the shadowy figure of a man who had risen ahead of the wagon and was gripping the horses' bits. "What do you want?" called the driver at last. "Haven't seen a feller and a girl walking along the road here, have ye?" called out a well-known voice that sent a chill over Alice Raynor. "Don't say we are here," whispered she. "Did the feller have a clout around his head, as if he had been in a fight?" asked the driver. "Yes, the very man I am looking for." "Well, the time I see him he was headin' for the station. You'll have to be fly if ye expect to catch him." "Thanks, my man." Then, through a hole in the curtain, Alice saw the doctor pass on a run, while the wagon moved on. Mr. Benjamin Sutphen was leaning back in his chair in his private office, looking moodily into space on the morning in question. The door of the private office was flung violently open and Old Somes tore in, waving his hat and shrieking as he waved it. "Murrabi! Murrabi! It's all right! He's here! He's



"I guess you're worth a dozen dead men yet."

"Yes, what's left of him," said Dick, with a faint smile. "A chair, please, Alice," turning faintly to his companion.

She brought him a seat before the words were fairly out of his mouth.

"Ah, Miss Raynor, I recognize you now," said Mr. Sutphen. "I did not recall you at first."

Mr. Sutphen brought a bottle of wine, and made no attempt to question the young man until Alice had forced him to drink a glass, which seemed to revive him and strengthen him at once.

"Well, young man, I guess you are worth a dozen dead men yet," said Sutphen as he tapped Dick playfully on the shoulder. "I tell you I was beginning to get worried about you, for I just had a report today from the police, rather what pretended to be a report, acknowledging that they had found nothing."

"I don't know whether you have any reasons to be glad to see me," said Dick, a little sadly. "You must as well know the worst, Mr. Sutphen. I have

brought nothing back but myself."

"And the rubies?"

"I have never seen them since the night of the accident."

Noisily, "I can't conceal the fact that I am mighty worried about the fate of those cursed stones, and I wish that I had never taken care of them. Tell me all you know, and how they managed it so well, that you should disappear at the same time as the necklace!"

"Let me tell you," interposed Alice Raynor, "I

know everything, and it might prove too much of a strain for Dick, who you can see is still very weak and ill."

Then in the briefest way she put Sutphen in possession of the facts, making as little as possible of the part she had played in getting him away from the doctor's house.

"And if there is any credit of bringing me back into the world again," added Fenton with a loving look at the girl, "I owe it all to this dear little woman here."

"Well, I am heartily glad that you have come out of this safely," said Sutphen. "Perhaps you may be of some use to the police in furnishing them with a description of one or the other of the men who was responsible for this outrage?"

"It was very dark in the street at the time of the accident."

"And you were not quite conscious at the time?"

"I had a vague idea of what was going on around me."

He pressed his hand to his forehead as if trying to revive his memory.

"There was one man with a lantern. I caught a glimpse of him. He was tall and thin and had a brown mustache. He seemed to be the leader of—"

"And do you think you should recognize him again if you saw him?" asked the diamond merchant eagerly.

"Quite sure I should. The picture he presented stands out very clearly in my mind. Yes, I think I should recognize him even in a crowd."

"There was just one more man than one?"

"There was; but, through I felt that there was another, I could get no glimpse of his face, and it was just after that that everything became a blank, and I knew no more until I found myself on a cot in a garret room."

"Well, the little you learned may be of use to us," said Mr. Sutphen. "Eh, what do you want to say now?" he asked angrily as Old Somes opened the door cautiously and pecked in.

"If you please, sir, there's a good out here what says he's a detective and that he has come to see

you about that there ruby business. Shall I show him in?"

His employer was thoughtful for a moment and then said: "Yes. There is no reason why you should not remain." Turning to the young couple, "since you are both more or less interested in the case. Stay where you are."

"Detective Ruggles," announced Somes as he swung the door open, "admitting the detective, and a lean 'n' an' who stood by him as if hesitating to advance."

"Well, what have you to say?" asked Sutphen a little aggressively. "Another report of failure?"

"Not this time, I think," and the detective grinned and rubbed his chin. "Come out here and show yourself in the light," and he took Jiggs by the collar and pushed him forward. "Ever see this person before?" he asked.

Mr. Sutphen eyed the now trembling Jiggs over from head to foot and then shook his head.

"No, I haven't set eyes on him before."

"Didn't know but that he might have been an employee of yours. I have reason to believe that he and a pal what I haven't been able to lay hands on is interested in this theft. They had a garret room near the scene of the accident. On our first visit they fooled us."

A low chuckle from the direction of Jiggs caused him to turn with a frown, his fists clenched.

"You just wait until I'm through, and then you'll see whose turn it is to chuckle," he said, snarling.

"Well, when we come back to have another look at the place we found proof that it was there they had met the young man, Fenton."

"He is here," said Mr. Sutphen, pointing to Dick. "Then you can tell me if this pocketbook is not yours," said Ruggles, after the first astonishment of seeing before him the very man he had been looking for.

He drew a pocketbook out of his coat and held it out.

At sight of it, Dick Fenton leaped from his chair with an exclamation of amazement.

(To Be Continued.)